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NO. 4.

*IDA OF TOKENBURGH:*

OR, THE FORCE OF JEALOUSY.

(Continued.)

'THE messenger departed, with eyes filled with tears of compassion.'

'O, Clara, the unhappy Ida! What said she? What did she?'

'What could she do but weep and lament? She seemed continually to have before her eyes the dreadful grave, her beloved Henry kneeling near it, and the executioner drawing his sword. Vain were all attempts to comfort her: she passed from one fainting fit to another; and, as often as she recovered from them, would exclaim, 'Seven days hence!' Her wretched father shut himself up in the most secret apartment, and would speak to no person. He considered his Ida as devoted to death, and resolved at least to have the sad consolation not to see her die. Thus for two days were their hearts a prey to unutterable anguish. On the third, the monk of the castle said to Ida, 'Of what avails lamentation, my daughter?—Let us act. We cannot deliver him; let us pray for him!' The words *let us act* sank into the mind of Ida; she looked wildly on the monk, and said, 'Yes, we must act?' She retired to her chamber, sat down in deep thought, then hastily rose, and walked forwards

and backwards in violent agitation. 'Let us act! yes, let us act!' exclaimed she repeatedly. The next day she absorbed in silent thought, while her eyes wildly rolled. Sometimes she laughed, and sometimes she wrung her hands. About noon she rose, threw over her a large veil, wrapped herself in a wide cloak, and left the castle with hasty steps.

'It was supposed that she was gone to walk in the garden, as was frequently her custom:—but she went firmly determined to die with her Henry, or deliver him, and took the road towards Kiburg. Late in the evening she arrived in the vicinity of the castle, and, inquiring of a peasant, was told the sad story of the approaching death of the young count Tokenburg, who was then confined in the vaulted dungeon under the strong tower. She heard the account without betraying any emotion, and asked the peasant to show her the tower. He accompanied her along a rocky path that led to a place where it was to be seen, and afterwards she continued her journey alone. The guards, who sat by a fire among some ruins in front of the tower, arose to show respect as she approached, for there was something in her air majestic and celestial.

'She threw back the veil which covered her countenance, and the rough

soldiers surveyed her beauty, with astonishment. 'Ye are men,' said she, in a voice indescribably tender and persuasive. 'I am most unfortunate; but thank heaven, ye are men! My wretchedness is so vast, so dreadful, that I envy your prisoner the death that awaits him.' The guards looked on her amazed and confounded, as if they had seen a ghost. 'What do you ask of us noble lady?' at length said one of them.

'Your prisoner,' said she, in a tone that made its way to the heart, 'is count Henry of Tokenburg, a noble and innocent man. I do not ask you to permit his escape; that must you not, that can you not: it were contrary to your oath. But grant me what you may, and what you can, and God shall reward you at the day of general judgment.'

'What do you require of us?' exclaimed they all. 'If it is in our power, we will most willingly serve you.'

'First learn who I am. I am Ida of Tokenburg, the affianced bride of the count your prisoner.'—The guards surveyed her with astonishment, and the tears of pity bedewed their eyes. 'It is the beauteous, the good, the benevolent Ida!' whispered some among them. 'May heaven have compassion on her misfortunes!' said others. 'If you have pity on me,' answered she,—'Heaven has. Yes; I am the unfortunate Ida; the bride of the man who four days hence will stand before the judgment-seat of heaven, and fearfully complain of you as his murderers, if you refuse him this last act of compassion, and thus heighten the sufferings of death into unutterable anguish.'

'We, noble lady, are not his enemies: you should have heard the conversation that we had with him almost immediately before you came. We all pity him.'

'Then will you not refuse me my request. Know, then, that in one of those happy hours when Henry was with me, as he pressed my hand and I his—for, ah! you conceive not how I love him and how he loves me—we talked of the uncertainty of human life and all human happiness. 'Ida,' said the count to me, 'we will love each other till death, come when it may.'

You see, my friends, that he seemed to have a presentiment of his approaching fate.—We agreed that when one of us should be near to death the other should come to see him or her once more, though the journey were to be made to the extremity of the earth. This we promised to each other, and solemnly bound ourselves to perform by the most religious obligations. I know that he must die; but he cannot die in peace unless I once more see him; nor can I die in peace unless I fulfill my sacred promise. Suffer me to be with him during a single hour. This you can, this you may do. Refuse not this request of the unfortunate Ida; your refusal would break both his heart and mine, and we should become your accusers on the day when men shall answer for unnecessary cruelty.'

'You easily perceive, Julia, that the guards, already inclined as they were to pity, could not refuse this earnest entreaty. At first, indeed, they made some objections, but the eloquence of Ida soon removed them all. They opened the door of a tower, and lighted a lamp.—One of them now conducted the unhappy Ida down a deep staircase, at the bottom of which he opened again an iron door, whence she proceeded through some long subterraneous vaults till at length she came to the narrow and low entrance of a dungeon.—'The comfort of Heaven go with you!' exclaimed the keeper, as he unlocked the door, and let Ida enter.

By the dim light which the lamp diffused, Henry did not at first recognize the object of his affections. But when he knew her, when he heard her voice, when he flew into her out-stretched arms, and felt her press him to her heart; when the recollection of the past, the present, and the dreadful future, was all swallowed up in the feelings of love—O Julia! had count Kiburg himself beheld the scene, he would have envied the happiness of his prisoner. Canst thou, Julia, imagine the ecstatic feelings of the two lovers? Oh! could these walls sink suddenly into the earth, could this religious habit fall from me, and my lover enter with cheerful smiles, and tell me, 'Clara, thou art

free, and we will be happy'—then Julia, might I conceive what the faithful and affectionate Ida, what the astonished count, felt at their first embrace! But no; within these walls no deliverer shall enter.—My prison is inaccessible even to Almighty love!

Ida long lay as if in a trance on the breast of her beloved Henry, and the dungeon became to them the garden of paradise; for, what hell is there which love will not convert into a heaven?—At length, when their first ecstatic transports had somewhat subsided, Henry inquired of Ida by what means she had obtained admission to him. She related how she had prevailed on the guards. 'And thus said the count with a sigh, 'you have come to see me once more before my death. Alas! I had finally given up all hope, and I could now almost wish that you had not succeeded in your attempt; for, who can look upon you and not wish to live? O Ida! now must I again renew the dreadful contest with the fear of death! Cruel Ida!'

'I am come to see and to deliver thee, Tokenburg.'

'To deliver me! to deliver me, Ida! O sport not with the feelings of a dying man!'

'I am firmly determined to deliver thee, Henry; to deliver thee even against thy will, should that be necessary. I continue to live but for thy sake, and value my life only as it shall enable me to preserve thine. Not thou thyself, not the entreaties of a whole world, shall shake my resolution. I am calm, Tokenburg, perfectly calm, for thy fortune and my fate are determined. More firmly, more fixed, the angel of destiny could not have decreed them. Believe me when I assert it, thou possessor of my heart.'

'Ida, thine eye glistens as if thou wert here absolute sovereign, but its lightning cannot rend these walls.—How wilt thou deliver me? how burst these strong fastenings?'

(To be continued.)

The man who squanders his money or is profuse with his intellect, will probably live to feel the want of both.

#### SKETCHES OF MANNERS AND CUSTOMS IN LOWER CANADA.

[From the Military Museum.]

ONE of the most singular customs exists in Canada that history records of any civilized nation; known there by the name of *Chilivaree*, a custom that no traveller has described, as I recollect—It cannot be traced beyond the settlement of Canada, and I never heard of any thing analogous in France during five years I resided there; and the oldest inhabitants in Canada, cannot trace it to its origin. It happens when a man marries sooner than custom sanctions, after the death of his wife, and, *vice versa*—and often when there is a great disparity in their ages. It begins two or three nights after their marriage, when the young men (and formerly all classes) dress themselves in the most fantastic and whimsical dresses their ingenuity can invent; some like Indians painted and tattooed with the scalping knife and tomahawk, officers, harlequins, old 'black and midnight hags,' boys dressed like girls, in the most dashy style, with ribbons and laces in profusion, and a large muff and tippet to hide their faces, that the deception may be more complete, and as many more like negro wenches for their servants, sailors, soldiers and jockies, others with the '*kilts and feathers*,' and a bagpipe under their arms, will give you the Highland *fibroch* in the most jargonic style; and in short, out-imitating every character in real life, from the general with golden spurs and lace coat, to the '*twelve for a penny*' match seller; they begin to collect in groupes soon after dark, by a kind of cat call similar to those used in theatres, accompanied by horns, pipes, bells, &c. Two of the most *outré* figures carry each a coffin made of paper, on long poles, containing candles which shew death's heads, marrow bones, and the initials of the deceased, in transparent colours—this is a signal for the motley group to form solid columns—which is preceded by the grand harlequin, dressed in all the gaudy colours possible, and hung with horse, dog and cow bells, in as great profusion as he can possibly move and not absolutely anchor himself



to the ground—carrying a lighted flambeau in each hand, he begins throwing himself in all the unnatural postures he can, and performing all the antic gestures of Harlequin in Christmas. Then comes the *throng of din and noise*—each individual adding his lungs in vocal *caterwaulings* to the grand chorus of this more than Cerberean band, composed of all sounds from the shrill Indian war whoop, to the boys *tric trac* or horse fiddle. It seems like confusion made drunk, or Pluto's infernal regions in an uproar, and in reality I do not think that the unlucky herd of swine, who swallowed Mary Magdalen's seven devils, could make a more horrid squalling and grunting than this uncouth assembly. After parading the streets for an hour or two, they move for the unlucky bridegroom's house, and salute his ears with a most Jericho like blast of the ominous horn, ending with a full *quartette* of this nerve rending melody, when the grand harlequin harangues the mob to know what he shall demand of the ill-starred bridegroom—after this he knocks and makes his demand, which is generally a cold supper and a treat, with a sight of the bride—sometimes they demand money—ten pounds for the poor, and the same to treat themselves—and whatever they demand must be complied with, unless he can compound with these whimsical serenaders—or else they continue their nocturnal visits for several weeks together. If their demands is refused, they commit no kind of violence, but return through the streets and separate in small parties, and enter every house they find open *sans ceremonie*, particularly their acquaintances, where under cover of their disguises they take great liberties, which is often so well devised as to defy the closest scrutiny. This is continued with increased force till their demands are complied with; as soon as the doors are opened, the coffins are thrown to the earth and trampled on by the mob—they then enter, take a drink and indulge themselves in a thousand good natured railleries and double *entendres*, which the French are so proverbial for—they then depart the nearest route to their abodes, very quietly.

About ten years ago I witnessed one of these Chilivaree's in Montreal, which was carried to the greatest lengths of any that had happened for fifty years before. Sir John Johnson, the famous Indian agent who is now at the head of the Indian department in Canada, had contrived to palm one of his cast off mistresses, upon an old German tailor, who married her: Sir John at the same time promised to protect him against the effects of the *Chilivaree*, which he knew would come of course, the characters of all three concerned being so notorious. The tailor was imprudent enough to make his brags of Sir John's promise—this flew like wild fire among the lovers of *fracas*, and before night not less than five hundred were equipt. On the first night they met with little disturbance except the threats of Sir John—on the second night their forces amounted to nearly a thousand, the grand cavalcade of non-descripts moved for the poor tailor's house. But in passing by Sir John's house, he made a sally in the Indian style, with all the fury of a famished tiger, fired his pistols through the coffin, and with his *muckle whanger*, cut the poles and demolished the feeble *memento mori*, intended to frighten the poor tailor, broke the poles about the masked sponces of the unlucky bearers, and by this lucky *coup de main*, put the whole to flight; by this time the whole town was in a ferment, their late discomfiture added fuel to the fire, and produced fresh and redoubled exertions; so by the third night two complete sheet iron coffins were poised, with a well armed guard to protect them: the whole town was on foot to see the issue, as the mob was determined to pass the Baronet's house in high style; but Sir John had prevailed on the civil authority to interfere—and before they arrived on the field of action they were stopped by the whole *posse* of constables—a parley ensued—and those in the rear not knowing what objects impeded their march and apprehending their front was in danger, rushed forward *enmasse*, seized the shoulder tapping crew, and hurried them neck and heels into a horse pond, and not a solitary soul of twenty three

of these peacemakers, but was soundly drubbed and ducked—at this moment they were threatened with the military—the drums beat—confusion ensued—and every one made the best of his way home—it was thought by good judges that not less than two thousand dollars was expended in furnishing dresses and decorations for this *fete de diable*, as it may truly be called. There was such diversity of dresses and characters, every one *out stepping the bounds of nature*, that it would provoke the most suffocating laughter in the most Nestor faced, vinegar aspect that ever composed his risible muscles. It would be a perfect cure for the lock jaw. Some cried apples, others oysters, hot mutton pies—cakes—all with baskets, and well filled, which were dealt out to any one that asked, ‘sweep, soot ho!’ matches, &c. &c. In short, out-imitating every character in real life, and is one of the most amusing, and at the same time, ridiculous scenes ever witnessed.

### THE TEMPLE OF VENUS,

NEAR PUZZOLI,

IS a beautiful remain of Roman grandeur, which at the time it draws the attention of the curious traveller, makes him look up with wonder and reverential respect to the constructors of so noble an edifice.

The luxuriance of the scene about this temple, the beauty and affability of the women, together with the warmth of the climate of Italy, inspires him with a sensation more easy to conceive than to express.

Venus, amongst the ancients, seems to be more particularly favoured than all the Roman deities beside, not excepting the great Jupiter himself; for there was hardly a situation in the empire without her temple, but in the city of Rome they were innumerable. She was now solicited as *Venus Erycinia*, in whose temple was the statue of *Amor Latheus* dipping his arrows in a river, and now as *Venus Libitina*; in another place she was addressed as *Venus Verticordia*, and by a thousand other names; but in her temple at Puzzoli

she was adored as the *Dea Viriplaca*. It was to this Venus the women appeared with their husbands when they had been at difference with them; here the offending parties most devoutly implored the goddess to bring about a reconciliation; and, after the ceremonies appointed for the good office, they seldom returned to their habitations without the gratifications they came there to solicit. At these ceremonies it was customary to make an offering to the goddess; and it is most remarkable that more doves, swans, pigeons, and sparrows, were ushered to the hands of the priestess of the fane, than there were acknowledgments to all the Roman deities beside. The rose was offered to her as an inducement to love, and, the myrtle tree after reconciliation as a symbol of returned peace. Venus was the universal good; Venus was eternally surrounded by the young and the gay; and, it is asserted by my author, that the steps of her altar to this day retain all the footsteps of her devotees; and, indeed, this is not improbable, when we reflect the Venus to whom this temple was consecrated, was that sublime Venus of whom the poet says,  
 “Earth, sea and heaven, gods, men, and  
 brutes, adore,  
 The birds of air, the tenants of the flood,  
 The smallest insects of the teeming shore;  
 All! all implor’d this universal good.”

### MODES OF SALUTATION.

From the form of salutations among different nations we may learn something of their character, at least of their manners. In the southern provinces of China the common people ask “*Ya Tan*,” that is, How have you eaten your rice; for in that is their greatest felicity. If two Dutchmen meet in the morning they wish each other a good appetite. “*Smaakelyk leten*.” In Cairo the inhabitants ask how do you sweat? for the not sweating is the symptom of an approaching fever—The Frenchman, How do you carry yourself? *Comment vous portez vous?* The German, How do you find yourself? “*Wie bejinder sic sich*.” The English, “How do you?” The Dutchman says, How

do you do. "Hau vaart wive." There is one nation (we forgot) which ask "How do you live," and these are certainly the most wise of all.

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For the New-York Weekly Museum.

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HAVING frequently shewed, in former Museums, addresses to the public, on the subject of matrimony, the writer of this, aware that many of them have been only to excite curiosity or attract attention, totally disclaims such motives and is induced to adopt a similar method for a similar purpose, by knowing that some of them have been brought to a *hasty* conclusion.

As I am not yet out of my teens, it will not be expected that I have taken this public measure out of despair of procuring a husband in another way; but, as the young men of the present age, have with few exceptions, degenerated either into effeminate beau's or fashionable rakes, this appears to be the most likely manner of obtaining one suited to my inclination.

As I am romantic and unfashionable enough to wish for happiness in the conjugal state, perhaps (to prevent unnecessary applications) a description of the qualifications of the person may not be unnecessary. He must be possessed of a portion of grace, virtue sensibility, beneficence and gentleness, learning without pedantry, religion, without hypocrisy, valor without rashness, and sincerity without a tincture of dissimulation, together with a good person and agreeable features.

If any such as I have depicted is inclined to enter into a matrimonial engagement with one who has a fine figure, a face often allowed to be handsome, always interesting, affable and agreeable manners, an understanding improved by an education rather useful than accomplished, and a cheerful disposition, he will please to signify the same through the medium of the Museum.

EMMA.

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HOPE.

Lord Bacon said, *Hope* was a pleasant breakfast, tolerable dinner, but a very bad supper.

## VARIETY.

*Jack Banister.*—Two brothers, not much distinguished for brilliancy, observed to Jack Banister, that, on account of their health, they were going into the country to drink *Asses' Milk*. "Save yourselves the expence" said Jack, "and *suck one another*."

"What will you take for those two fine shad"—said a Citizen in the Philadelphia market, to a fish-woman—"three quarters of a dollar" answered she. "Indeed that is too much," replied the Citizen "but I'll give you the three quarters if you'll throw in that bass." "No—No" cried the woman I can't afford it"—Faith said the Citizen—these women are a very *SELL-FISH* race.

## PHYSIOGNOMY.

A stranger said to a physiognomist, "How many dollars is my face worth?"—"It is hard to determine," replied the latter. "It is worth 1500," continued the questioner, "for so many has a person lent me upon it to whom I am a total stranger."

## ON MODESTY.

THE attempts so successful in the fashionable world to bring modesty into disrepute, under the name of bashfulness, can never be sufficiently execrated, as they not only tend to eradicate feminine delicacy and happiness, in that sphere of life only, but communicate degeneracy to their inferiors, and so in gradation they corrupt (if possible) the lowest line of existence, through the great prevalence of imitation. Oh! my fair country-women, be convinced, in departing from the walks of modesty and delicacy you depart from the charms of virtue; instead of being more alluring, you excite compassion and dislike, in proportion to your libertinism, and so wreck your peace of mind, and internal enjoyment, in "preying on garbage."—Be convinced, while you retain modesty and delicacy, you will be loved, cherished, and esteemed; as you depart from these very amiable companions, in the same degree you will depart from the empire of sterling beauty; and satiety will give birth to disgust.



## Seat of the Muses.

For the New-York Weekly Museum.

### POVERTY.

OH! Poverty thou curse of man,  
In this degenerate world below;  
In thee great crimes have first began,  
And delug'd earth with sin and woe.  
Behold yon little group forlorn,  
Unconscious yet of fortune's frown;  
Seraphic smiles each face adorn,  
And cast the cheering influence round.  
Alas! too soon those smiles will fade,  
And sorrow, with her saddening train,  
Will chase each dimple joy has made,  
And memory prove a source of pain.  
But friendless never shall they prove  
As long as life this bosom warms;  
A Brother's care, a Brother's love,  
Protection gives 'midst life's rude storms.

### HAPPY TIME.

TOO late I staid; forgive the crime,  
Unheeded flew the hours,  
For noiseless falls the foot of time  
Which only treads on flowers.  
O! who with clear account remarks  
The ebbing of the glass;  
When all its sands are diamond sparks,  
Which dazzle as they pass?  
Or who to sober measurement,  
Time's happy swiftmess wings;  
When birds of Paradise have lent  
Their plumage for its wings.

### A MODERN LOVE DITTY.

[A Burlesque on some modern Songs.]

WHERE Schuykill o'er his rocky bed,  
Roars like a bull in battle,  
In neat long cabin lives a maid,  
Who tends her father's cattle;  
She's every charm of mind and face,  
Young, handsome, gay and witty,  
And then she rides with such a grace  
With butter to the city.  
Her churns and pails, scour'd white as snow  
And plac'd upon the dresser,  
And pewter plates, in many a row,  
Where you might see your face, sir;  
She'll raise the haycock on the mead,  
Or toss it out so pretty,  
Or, mounted on old Grey will speed  
With butter to the city.  
To see her panting o'er her churn,  
With charms so flush'd and glowing,  
Would make a hermit's bosom burn,  
His frozen blood set flowing,  
But all the lads their arts have try'd  
In vain, to move her pity,

She jeers, she mounts old Grey, to ride  
With butter to the city.

Ah me! tho' us'd to stir my stumps  
My cart I scarce can follow,  
And, sharing in his master's dumps,  
Not Dobbin minds my hollo.  
O! could I make this lass my bride,  
Could I but marry Kitty,  
Together in my cart we'd ride  
With butter to the city.

### THE FIRST IDEA OF BEAUTY.

THE babe, emerging from its liquid bed,  
Now lifts in gelid air its nodding head;  
The light's first dawn, with trembling eyelids  
hails,  
With lungs untaught arrests the balmy gales;  
Tries its new tongue in tones unknown, and  
hears  
The strange vibration with unpractis'd ears,  
Seeks with spread hands the bosom's velvet  
orbs,  
With closing lips the milky fount absorbs;  
And, as compress'd, the dulcet streams distill,  
Drinks warmth and fragrance from the living  
rill;  
Eyes with mute rapture every waving line,  
Prints with its coral lips the Paphian shrine,  
And leaps, ere long, the perfect form confest,  
Ideal beauty, from its mother's breast.

### EPITAPH BY THE LATE DR. BEATTIE.

ESCAP'D the gloom of mortal life, a soul  
Here leaves its mould'ring tenement of clay,  
Safe where no cares their whelming billows  
roll,  
No doubts bewilder, and no hopes betray.  
Like thee I once have stemm'd the sea of life,  
Like thee have languish'd after empty joys,  
Like thee have labour'd in the stormy strife,  
Been griev'd for trifles, and amus'd with  
toys.  
Yet for a while 'gainst Passion's threatful blast,  
Let steady Reason urge the struggling oar;  
Shot through the dreary gloom, the morn at  
last  
Gives to thy longing eye the blissful shore.

### ON THE DEATH OF A BEAUTIFUL BOY.

BRIGHT as the gems Indostan's valleys boast,  
Sweet as the odors of Arabian coast,  
A pearly dew-drop see, some flower adorn,  
And grace with all its pride the rising morn;  
But soon the sun emits a fiercer ray,  
And the fair fabric tumbles to decay,  
Low in the dust the beauteous ruin lies,  
While the pure vapor seeks its native skies;  
A fate like this, to thee dear youth was given,  
He sparkled—bloomed—and was exhaled to  
Heaven.

## Weekly Museum.

NEW-YORK :  
SATURDAY, MAY 28, 1814.

### WEEKLY RETROSPECT.

BY Lisbon papers to the 16th of March, it is said, that Murat had taken possession of Rome, Ancona and other states of the Church, in trust for the Pope, who it appears remained a prisoner at Avignon, by order of Bonaparte.

Savoy is said to be free of the French, and the cities and fortresses of Sarragossa, Lerida, Mequinanza and Mougau, in Spain, have been surrendered, with their garrisons to the Spaniards.

The captain of the Duque de Talaveira, arrived at Boston, informs, that the U. S. frigate Essex had been at St. Roque, where she expended 20,000 dollars for cattle, &c. which she salted and dried, and sailed thence to the southward about 12 days before he left Pernambuco, which was about the 1st of April.

The Liverpool Pac. so well known last year on our Eastern Sea-Board, is again committing depredations among the sound coasters.

On Monday morning last, six barges of a British frigate entered Egg Harbour, and carried off three schooners, letters of marque, the Model, Clara and Quiz, just from the West Indies, with Sugar and Molasses.

A division of Gun Boats, under com. Lewis, passed this city last Sunday through the East river, for the purpose of protecting the sound vessels from small privateers and the enemies barges, which of late have done great damage there.

The privateer Ultor, of Baltimore, has sent into a port in N. Carolina, a fine copper bottomed brig (formerly the Swift of this port) armed with 5 guns, and a cargo invoiced at 4000 pounds sterling, from Halifax bound to Jamaica.

The British brig Camelon Page, prize to the Mammoth privateer, with rum and molasses, has arrived at Portsmouth N. H.

Gen. Wilkinson, it is said, has, or will, take up his residence near Baltimore.

It appears from the Eastward, that a small British privateer has been but too successful in capturing a number of coasters, among which is one (supposed to be a smuggler) with 38,000 dollars worth of goods on board.

Nothing of much importance has transpired since our last from the frontiers—The British fleet is out on Lake Ontario,—and ours, under com. McDonough, appears to have the ascendancy on Lake Champlain.

Yesterday a naval officer arrived here in the Eastern stage, who states that on Wednesday evening com. Lewis, with 14 gun boats, had attacked in a calm off Black Point, the Maidstone frigate and Sylph sloop of war. The firing continued three hours—but the result not known.

## Nuptial.

### MARRIED.

By the rev. Mr. McLeod, Mr. Charles Sherman, merchant of New Haven, to Miss Jennett Taylor, daughter of John Taylor, esqr.

By the rev. Mr. Barry, Mr. Joseph Bouchaud, to Mrs. Felicite Keland,

At Newark, by the rev. Mr. Whelpley, Rufus L. Nevins, of the firm of Hyde & Nevins, of this city, to Miss Jane Ten Brook, daughter of Jasper Ten Brook, of that place.

## Obituary.

### DIED.

Mr. William Marrow, a native of England, aged 23.

Mr. Andrew Folmar, in the 50th year of his age.

Mr. David Roberts.

At Salem, (N. J.) the hon. Jacob Husty, a member of Congress from that State.

At Gilmantown, Elder Joseph Shepard aged 32 years—The following are the circumstances which attended his death :—Being absent on Thursday evening, April 22, 1814, he returned to his distillery at 11 o'clock to attend to his business as usual. By the help of his hired man he charged the copper with 96 gallons of first proof spirits; after this had commenced boiling, being fatigued with hard labor and lack of rest, he lay himself back on the brick work by the side of the copper, and fell asleep. There being too much fire under the copper, it threw off the head, and the boiling spirits burst forth like a torrent. He not only received gallons of it on his mortal frame, but was instantly surrounded with flames. Being robust and strong, he recovered himself and ran 8 or 10 rods before the fire ceased; his burns were horrid beyond description—his head and eyes were burnt in such a manner that he could see no light—a number of holes were burnt through his clothes into his flesh, where the liquor did not strike. He was piloted to the house by his hired man, who was luckily at the still house door. He continued in this distressed situation about 26 hours, and was blessed with his reason about half of the time.—He died in the triumph of faith, and left a good satisfaction that he had gone to rest.

### THE MUSEUM.

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